

The Way to Build up Wrangell:
Patronize Wrangell Merchants

ALASKA

SENTINEL.

Money Spent Here is Used Here;
Send it East, and it is Gone

VOL. 6. NO. 10.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Department Store

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Jewelry, Photographs, Curios, Kodaks, Newspapers, Books, Periodicals, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery, Logging and Mining Equipments, Everything Needed on the Frontier, Everything Suitable for the City. Information in regard to Big Game Hunting Grounds and Scenic Attractions of the Stikine, a Specialty. Transportation Arranged.

We carry in stock Complete Lines in all kinds of

Cold Weather Goods

On one side of
The Big Store

Then Step Over
To the Other Side

Warm Overcoats for Men and

Boys, Comfortable Wraps for the

Ladies and Girls, Gloves and Mit-

tens, German Socks, Shoe Pads,

Moccasins, Caps with Ear Muffs,

and many other articles.

and see our line of

Heating Stoves for
Wood or Coal

Skates, all Sizes

Creepers Just the

thing for hill-climbing, and we
have them to fit any shoe

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

ENTERTAINMENT FUND

Following is a report of the fund derived from the Public School entertainment given shortly after the beginning of this school year:

EXPENSES FOR ENTERTAINMENT.
Black lining for "Dixie Land" \$ 1.25
Thread, pins, muslinage, tacks, 1.60
Ribbon for reserved seats, 1.00
Printing tickets and bills, 3.00
Total, \$ 5.85

FOR USE OF SCHOOL
Colored thread, 35
Scissors, 74
Toothpicks, 10
Paper, smooth and unruled, 75
Two desk knives @ \$1.25, 2.50
Tacks, 10
Rubber bands, 25
Cheesecloth, 15
Blue, 15
Paper, 1.00
Laundry bill, towels, two months, 80
Coal scuttle, 50
Clock, 1.35
Ink, two bottles, 20
Examination paper, 75
Paper, 20, \$1.00, 50, 1.70
Mucilage, 15
Cheesecloth, 25
Thread, 25
Red ink, 10
Paper, smooth, 75
Basket-ball, goal, rules, 2.10
Pencils, 4.00
Fifty yards curtain, 7.50
Packing and invoicing, 1.00
Express, 8.05
Pictures, 6.00
Total, \$ 48.65

The following from Milton Bradley & Company:
Two quarts paste @ .75, 1.50
Two pts. selected peas, 30
Two bunches sticks, 20
Paper fasteners, 30
Cube root blocks, 1.50
Liquid measures, 75
Two bricks clay @ .35, 70
Two boxes sewing cards @ .50, 1.00
Five skins German yarn @ .15, 75
Twelve scissors @ .20, 2.25
Sphere and cone, 25
Twelve paste bottles @ .10, 1.20
Cutting paper, 4x4, 25
Assorted thread, 12 spools, 60
Money order fee and stamp, 10
Total, \$ 12.00

RECAPITULATION
Fund from entertainment, \$ 63.50
Expense of entertainment, \$ 5.85
Bought for school, 48.65
Milton Bradley & Co., 12.00
Total expenditure, \$ 66.50 \$ 66.50
Amount remaining unpaid, \$ 3.00
THE MISSES VOLIN
* See article on Page 4.

Ketchikan Miner: "Concerning the mail situation the Juneau Record indulges in the following observations, which apply with equal force to this section, and the Miner is not prepared to say that the remedy it proposes would not be a good one: 'Now that the steamers have broke loose again we will have mail to burn once more. The Seattle chased the Meteor up here, the Jefferson chased the Seattle, with one day's mail, then will come three or four more, one following the other; then they will all follow each other back and let us wait another ten days for mail. Now, while Seattle is busy telling us how to run politics in Alaska, why can't we Alaskans get together and get up a class in navigation of steamboats? Seattle navigates everything for her own welfare and cares about as much for Alaska as she does for the fish in the sea—her only desire being that we bite at the bait.' Here, too, brethren!

In making his report to the president, Secretary Taft speaks very highly of the mail service of Alaska, and says it is entirely satisfactory. Probably it is to him, where he gets more mails in a day than Alaskans get in a year. Now, we'd like to know what he knows about the mail service in Alaska except what he is told by the clerks. And the clerks are probably handed a substantial tip by the mail steamers for reporting the service O. K. But then, this is about a par with the balance of Alaska's governmental affairs, as handled under the big dome four thousand miles away.

The Scientific American of January 10 has a full-page half-tone, showing the docks at Skagway, and also contains a lengthy description and history of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, from the pen of Katherine Louise Smith. Besides the large Skagway view there are several smaller ones of points along the railway during different stages of the construction work. The Scientific American gives this as the greatest piece of railway building in the world; and this will turn more attention toward Alaska.

Capt. Swindev and C. Edward Weber got all ready to go fishing, last week; but when they tried to get a boat they found that Patenaude and the Marshal, Grant, had chartered every available boat, out of pure envy. (Swindev is our informant.) The two Waltons got away however, leaving Monday, about for Pat's Lake. The moral to this story is: "Own your boat and equip it with a Jager 4-cycle engine."

Take your prescriptions to the Baker Drug Co. 1010th.

Postmaster McCullom and others came in from Calder on the Teddy.

The question of a reading room for Wrangell is being agitated.

Picture frames and framed pictures at half price at W. C. Waters'.

Miss Bertha Lempieux left on the last Jefferson for a visit with relatives in Canada.

Capt. Fors brought the Teddy in Monday night, with the mail from west coast points and Ketchikan, after a fine smooth trip.

Alaska has 2,524 miles of submarine cable, 1,803 miles of land wires, 107 miles of wirefles, 55 telegraph and cable offices, 18 money transfer offices.

Now, this is just the kind of weather when you will keep big fires going in the stove, so look well to the flues and stove pipes, and keep an eye out for sparks.

Surveyor Whitfield is very busy these days, platting the portion of the townsite that is already surveyed, and when the days are a little longer the survey will be rushed to completion.

It was not a Wrangell boy of 16 who called up his girl's home over the telephone. The girl's mother answered the phone, and when she found out what the kid wanted, she said: "I just gave her her bottle and put her to bed."

The arrangements are steadily going ahead for the firemen's big dance on February 22. The committee is determined to make this the greatest event of the season. Tickets are on sale in the various stores and saloons about town, and as the number is limited, you had best buy today.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have purchased book accounts due and owing to F. W. Carlson, my predecessor in the mercantile business in Wrangell, as per bill of sale filed at Commissioner's office 3rd inst. All parties concerned are requested to govern themselves accordingly and to make settlement with me. F. MATHESON.

\$100 REWARD

I will pay One Hundred Dollars for the recovery of Photo Plates lost by the Boundary Survey party in Bradford River, about seven miles from its mouth. Spot marked by broken canoe on bank. For further particulars, apply to F. MATHESON.

TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullman, New York, pays highest prices for furs. 1121st.

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL office.

Capt. A. J. Amundson returned last week from Ketchikan.

G. A. Royalty and Jack Leonard and wives, and Mrs. Hood, came up last week in their gasoline launch from Ketchikan.

It will be observed that the delinquent tax list has grown very small, and very probably will disappear altogether before the day of the sale.

Samples of Goods for Ladies or Gents' spring and summer wear already received at W. C. Waters'.

Jerusalem! but it's a task to climb that hill when there's ice or snow on the walk. But if we had a level walk to Front Street, everything would be O. K.

The federal government has ruled "chocolate creams" out of existence, as few, if any, contain cream. Neither do "jelly beans" contain jelly, and they must be truthfully re-named, along with other fancy candies and crackers.

A number of our subscribers in town are allowing their subscriptions to get behind. If you keep this matter square you will not feel like looking in another direction when you meet the man who runs the paper, or perhaps, avoiding him altogether.

The Red Men gave Dr. Shurick the Royal Bumper Decree, Tuesday night, after which a "smoker" was enjoyed by the Lodge and invited guests.

Invitations are out for another of the pleasant parties at Wrangell Hotel next Saturday night.

It is reported that a leap year party is to be given soon. This mention is not official, however, as the newspaper man should be the first informed, and none of the promoters have, thus far, said a word to us about the affair.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Developing Plates or Films for
Amateurs, Printing, Etc.

Portraits and Groups
at Reasonable Rates

A fine collection of Alaska Views on hand for
the Trade, at all times

J. E. WORDEN, Wrangell, Alaska

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 8:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S-EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) Interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:00 P. M.
Vespers-Native service, 8:30 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. CORSE, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:00 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

TERSELY OLD ALES OF HAPPENINGS HERE AND THEREABOUT

ELECTRIC WIRING FREE

To all persons who agree to take electric lights for a year or more, we will do the wiring and furnish the first lamps free of charge. PALMER BROS.

A fellow named Bold has started a rumor in this section to the effect that two hundred-dollar pans are struck on Koyukuk, and that a stampede is on the program for next spring. But old time miners of that section say there is no truth in the report.

THE OLD RELIABLE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

still continues the Leader as the Depot for

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES

You will Save 10 Per Cent

By coming to this store for your Groceries, Fruits, Clothing, Hats
Caps, Boots, Shoes, Laces, Threads, Hosiery, Hardware, Etc.

Big Outfits a Specialty

CALL ONCE AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints
Oils, Crockery, Etc.**

**Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared
to do Any Kind of Work in that line**

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR

Union Gas Engines

Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees

Hercules Powder

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL-ORDERS

DELINQUENT TAX SALE NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of Section 20 of Ordinance No. 12 of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, duly passed and approved on the 4th day of August, 1904, providing for the sale of property to satisfy assessments against the same in said town, where the taxes have become delinquent, I will, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1908,
in front of the Red Men's Hall building in said town, offer for sale and sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder (or bidders) for cash in hand on day of sale, the following described lots, parts of lots, buildings and other property described in this notice to satisfy the unpaid taxes on same for the year 1907:

Mrs. Lott, two houses and lots back of Lott's Alley..... 2 00
One house and lot near Point Shakesby..... 50
One lot near electric plant..... 50
Mrs. Chas. Olsen, one house and lot near government reserve..... 10 00
Red Men's Hall..... 15 00
May Shadesty, one house and lot formerly owned by J. Lott..... 50
Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 9th day of January, 1908.

L. O. PATENAUDE,
Treasurer and ex-officio tax collector of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska. 1927

The family social and dance at the Wrangell Hotel, last Saturday night, was well attended and hugely enjoyed. These affairs are gaining in public favor, as formalities are dispensed with and more attention is paid to social features than to the woeal skin. And this bears out the SENTINEL's suggestions of a few weeks ago. Keep 'er up, boys! These social gatherings are what we need to cement the ties of friendship and relegate petty bickerings.

On the Teddy's last voyage around to Wrangell, Capt. Fors picked up a new and freshly-painted ring life buoy, and the Miner suggests that it may have come from a wreck at sea, though no vessel had been reported missing of the name Taku Maru, Tokio, which was painted on the buoy.

"Donald Sinclair, the merchant prince of Wrangell, arrived down on the Jefferson this morning, and is registered at the Stedman."—Ketch. Miner.

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

In having a prescription filled you need the BEST and freshest ingredients, and compounded by the BEST and most experienced pharmacist available. Our pharmacist spent years in school learning his business, and our drugs are fresh and pure.

THE BAKER DRUG CO.

Ask Miss Linhart whether or not it pays to advertise. For four weeks she carried a two-liner stating that she was cleaning and pressing clothes. The ad. cost her forty cents, and it brought her several dollars' worth of work. A few weeks ago she advertised fresh bread for sale and now people come from all parts of town to buy her bread.

The local lodge of Red Men have, just lately, had their part of the Wrangell cemetery cleaned up, and intend to keep it in the spick-and-span condition that a cemetery should be kept in. Now, if the balance of the cemetery were also cleaned up, and kept clean, another of SENTINEL's fondest "dreams" would be realized.

Ronning brothers returned Saturday from a deer hunt, bringing in several nice mowitch. While hunting, Jorgen was struck in the face with a devil club, three of the little thorns striking and remaining in one of his eyes and causing a very severe pain. Dr. Shurick Monday extracted the thorns, and by proper care the eye may be saved.

Herring and halibut fishing is going on in full blast, the Clatswa and several others being out with their gear, and making good catches. Most of the fish are shipped to Seattle.

Darby and Johnny Choquette, Michael Gregory and Joe —? brought fourteen deer to town as the result of two days' hunting last week.

After being gone from home for about a month, Fred Brockman and family returned last week on the Teddy. Mr. Brockman has bought Nils Nelson's new 30-foot boat, and as soon as the engine has arrived and been installed, he will take her to his home near Shakan, and use her in connection with his saltery.

The Chamber of Commerce is talking of getting out a prospectus to be distributed throughout the states, containing a lot of half-tones and setting forth the resources and attractions of this section. This would be a wise move, and would be of inestimable benefit to the town and community.

There is a demand for blanks on which to make proof of labor on mining claims, and this office will have them in stock for sale in a day or two—as soon as we can print them.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE

In the matter of the Estate of Isaac Gjoven, deceased.
ALL PERSONS interested in the above named estate are notified that the 24th day of March, 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M., has been fixed by the Court as the day and hour for final hearing and settlement of all accounts pertaining to said estate, and to then and there appear and show cause, if any, why the said accounts and settlements should not be finally approved and the administrator discharged.
Made and entered this 18th day of January, A. D. 1908.
A. V. R. SNYDER,
U. S. Commissioner and ex-officio State Judge.

Rubber Goods

Why have Cold Feet? A Hot
water bag will Keep them warm

Quality Right. Prices Right

BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Postage Stamps at Cost
Leave Your Headache Here
Thank You!
Please Call Again

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Money talks, and what it says has a soothing effect on a wild and boisterous panic.

If the lines of thought affect the lines of the figure it is remarkable that more women do not resemble the interrogation point.

According to recent estimates there are 8,000,000 telephone girls in the world. Most of them are at this moment giving the busy signal.

King Edward of England wears a green hat, but Ireland refuses to give up the hope of gaining home rule eventually.

An Australian physician claims that sour milk is the only real elixir of life. That ought to suit people who have dispositions to match it.

New York has a young engineer named Herbert Spencer. He begins life either with brilliant prospects or under a fearful handicap.

Although "Uncle Joe" Cannon has expressed the opinion that "boys will be boys," he is not likely to overlook the fact that a good many become voters.

If ever the complete story of arctic exploration is written it will be found, doubtless, that the astronomers on Mars discovered the north pole ages ago.

The American who was arrested in Russia while gathering material for a lecture will soon be back here with some material that he hadn't figured on getting.

A contemporary describes a simple and effective burglar alarm, operated by means of a string. The burglars doubtless have read of it with interest and will know what to do when they meet it.

One photographer reports that he has taken 7,000 pictures of Mrs. Still. There is no likelihood that pictures of Mrs. Still will take the places of the pictures of pretty girls on the covers of the magazines.

Having attained to that degree of common sense where they ignore the "panic" cry, it is not too much to hope that some day the people will keep their seats and laugh when the idiot shouts "fire" in the theater.

Brazil, distinguished in the merry comedy, "Charley's Aunt," as the place "where the nuts come from," is also distinguished as a place where ideas grow. Thirty Brazilian merchants and professional men, have been visiting this country, in obedience to the advice which Secretary Root gave to all the Americans to get acquainted.

King Alfonso of Spain kept his wife awake with his snoring, and to preserve peace in the family he has had adenoids cut from his nose, so that he may breathe through it when asleep. His physicians have ordered him not to smoke so many cigarettes, if he would retain his nasal health, and he doubtless will do as he is told. Kings and slaves alike must obey their physicians and their wives.

The King of Aysbionia is offering his realm for sale, advertising in a number of European papers that he will accept \$200,000 for his kingdom, together with all his subjects. He even offers to throw in thirty of his wives. Aysbionia is in Africa and is 250 miles long and ninety miles wide. Why doesn't some belle who has unfortunately married a bogus count or a spurious duke buy this kingdom for him, and thus establish her right to the possession of a title?

Mechanical traction has been substituted for horses on the Ladoga canal in Russia. When the traction engines appeared 2,000 peasants seized them and stopped all traffic so effectively that troops had to be called out to restore order. There were riots of this sort in England a hundred years ago, when power sawmills were introduced there, but in the more advanced countries the laborer and the mechanic now adjust themselves quickly to new inventions. Russia is about one hundred years behind the times. When one realizes this, one will understand many things that happen there that are otherwise inexplicable.

The Department of Agriculture is taking a paternal interest in the prosperity of the farmer. It is teaching him to have better crops, better machinery and better buildings. Now comes Postmaster General Von Meyer with an intimation that the Postoffice Department also wants to take a paternal interest in the farmers. It wants to give rural residents the parcels post. "This," according to Mr. Von Meyer, in a Philadelphia speech, "will be a great boon to the farmers on the rural routes, because when they are able to order their goods by telephone or postal card it will relieve them of the inconvenience of going to town to obtain the necessities of life." The Postmaster General admits that country storekeepers strongly object to this form of benevolence to the farmers. But he says he will quiet their objections by giving farmers a lower parcels post rate on their local delivery routes than from

the outside. Does Mr. Von Meyer imagine that even this concession will protect country stores from the aggressive city mail order houses? The fatal flaw in Mr. Von Meyer's reasoning, as quoted above, is the supposition that the farmer needs to be pampered until his conditions of living are as artificial as those of the average city resident. He is to have the trolley car at his door, the telephone in his house, his daily mail delivery, which will include all his groceries and store supplies. Neither the farmer, nor his wife, nor his children are to feel the need of "going to town." One may well doubt whether the average rural resident appreciates or needs quite so much attention on the government's part. The country storekeeper needs as much protection as the farmer, perhaps more, says the Chicago Journal. The farmer should be encouraged to deal in the nearest town or village. The parcels post is an enemy to this rural community life. It will increase the artificial markets in the cities and curtail the natural home markets. The government's paternalism could find more legitimate objects than the suppression of normal healthy neighborhood exchange in the rural centers.

Dr. Forbes Winslow has found in studying statistics of insanity that locomotive engineers and firemen are unusually apt to become mentally deranged. In a list of seventy-four trades and professions that of the engineers stands seventh from the top in this respect. As records of 40,000 engineers and firemen entered into these statistics, they have a good basis of reliability. The three exceptionally destructive accidents to passenger trains in England in the last year or two, those of Salisbury, Grantham and Shrewsbury, have all been due to failures of thoroughly reliable engineers to see signals or to judge correctly their speed and position at critical moments. Naturally there is active discussion of the strain which is being put on engineers by their service, and of the extent to which they weaken, if not to the point of insanity, at least to that of unreliability of attention during their work. The railway unions have emphasized the heavy requirements of the roads upon the engineers in the way of making time, and the roads have tried to place all the blame upon the men. It is the conclusion of Kellogg Snowdon, writing in one of the current British reviews, based upon conclusive reports as to the causes of all three of the accidents in question, that the engineers of fast express trains have literally more work than they can hope to do thoroughly and unfailingly. What between making time, caring for the running of their complicated machine, and watching out for danger signals, they are burdened beyond the limit. And his remedy is that either a system of automatic signals must be adopted on all lines running fast trains, or else that the fast trains must be given three men to run them instead of two; one of those three having the sole duty of watching out for the signals. The installation of automatic signals is expensive and cannot be done in a day. Where it is most needed by proof of experience the three-man substitute would be perhaps a reasonable temporary expedient. Certainly the fact that two men were enough to run a twenty-mile-an-hour train a generation ago is no argument against the need of three men on many trains today.

Rails Are Even.
The fact that within the past twenty years two-thirds of the unevenness in railroad tracks has been done away with on certain lines was discussed at a recent meeting of the American Academy of Sciences. The improvement has been brought about principally through new designs and methods of manufacture of rails. A "track indicator" car, traveling twenty or thirty miles an hour, sums up the inequalities, the "ups and downs" in the rails for each mile traversed. Formerly the "total inequality" per mile amounted to six or seven feet, even for the best roads; now it has been reduced to only eighteen or twenty inches, and this remnant is said to be due to dents in the rails. It has been pointed out that the improvement, which may be carried farther, brings with it heavier locomotives and cars, longer trains and higher speed.

Two Tragedies.
A poet had a wife and the wife had little to eat. After several weeks of failure to get money wherewith to purchase food she ran away with a cab driver who owned his outfit and acted as though he owned the city. "The blow will kill him," cried people. "She has ruined his career." It didn't kill him, for he turned his sorrow into a sonnet that he sold for \$5, and reviewers said that the font of inspiration had at last been opened to him.

A man's wife deserted him, and the neighbors were more interested than he was. "Poor fellow," they said, "it will drive him to drink." It did, for he was one who never lost an opportunity, and his wife was a strict tee-totaler.—New York Sun.

A girl walks to the gate to gaze at the stars, explaining that she has such a feeling of unrest. After she has married this feeling of unrest takes another form: Uncertainty at night if the hired girl will be back next morning to get breakfast.

Some women marry for love, some for money, and some for a home. It is not known why men marry.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT

Don't go to the theater, concert or ball, But stay in your room to-night, Deny yourself to the friends that call, And a good, long letter write. Write to the old folks at home, Who sit, when the day is done, With folded hands and downcast eyes And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste, I have scarcely time to write," Let their drooping thoughts go wandering back To many a bygone night When they lost their needed sleep and rest.

And every breath was a prayer That God would leave their darling babe To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you have no more head Of their love or their counsel wise; For the heart grows strangely sensitive When age has dimmed the eyes. It might be well to make them feel That you never forget them quite— That you deem it a pleasure, from far away, A good letter home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends Who make your pastime gay Have half the anxious thought for you That the old folks have to-day. Postpone not the duty of writing home; Let sleep or pleasure wait. Let the letter for which they looked and longed Be a day or an hour too late.

The sad old folks back there at home, With locks fast turning white, Are longing to hear from the absent one— Write them a letter to-night!



"And so you have really come over here on matrimony intent," my dear Cora?"

Mrs. Vanderson nodded. "Yes," she said, "I have," and added with emphasis: "Why not? I married for love, foolish child that I was, and it was the dearest of failures right away from the very beginning, so—"

"Now you are going to try and fall in love again?"

"No, not love," she said quickly. "I've had enough of that silly nonsense, you bet—and now I've come here to marry one of you—"

"We have no dukes left," I interrupted—"at least none," I stopped myself from saying "old enough," and added: "None to spare, you know."

"I know," said Cora Vanderson, her slightest of accents slightly accentuated by her earnestness. "I made real sure of that before I started, and I know what you call your society Bible, Burke, right through and through."

"Have you thought of any particular person yet on whom you are going to bestow your beauty and incidentally—"

"My dollars," laughed Cora Vanderson. "Yes, I realize all the possibilities of the inevitable dollar and exactly what I can buy over here—"

"It seems to buy most things, I must admit," I said, with unpatriotic sincerity.

"Yes; but my difficulty was, I didn't know any of your society people," said Mrs. Vanderson.

"And do you know now?" I asked. She shook her head. "No, but I've a lovely plan, oh!—such a romantic idea!—and she screwed up her pretty mouth. "You think we Americans aren't prepared to buy romance—when there's any to be had over here; but I am dead certain we have a real capacity for business, too. My romance didn't die out, just because I had to divorce Vanderson, with whom I couldn't get on, and now I'm going to buy a real romance with my papa's dollars! Say," she added, suddenly, "am I real pretty still?"

"My dear Cora, you are lovelier than ever," I said, with perfect truth, "but I doubt if love can ever be bought, even by unlimited dollars and undeniable loveliness."

"Love," she echoed, with much contempt, "I don't want love—besides, it's not to be had, anyway, from what I see of English husbands. I want a title of real, ancient, British title, and I mean to get it in a real romantic way."

"Where are you going? Say, can't you come with me?" Cora Vanderson stopped her motor and called to me one morning as I was going through Dover street to my club.

"I'm going to my club—and you?"

"I'm going to the workhouse," said Mrs. Vanderson. "Can't you come?"

"Going to the workhouse?" I echoed, in amazement. "Where—why—what workhouse?"

"It's down in the country at Blank, in Lancashire," she said, as though it were the most ordinary thing for an American visitor to go to a workhouse. "It's only about seventeen miles or so. Come with me if you're not anything on that you must do. I'll bring you back in time for dinner."

Without demur I stepped into her motor. "This hardly looks like the workhouse," I said, as I leant comfortably back in the luxurious and silently gliding brougham. "Has papa lost his gliding brougham?"

"That's it," she said. "I'm what you call over here—district visiting." "Dollars, or are you merely going as a sightseer?"

"I am afraid you'll find it a place of deadly uninterest, full of disappointed, elderly people who have played and lost in the game of life; some of them cheerful and happy, it's true, most of them full of little grievances, and, besides—everything is so cut and dried and ruled and directed in a workhouse that it gives you the impression of mere machinery. Nurses and caps, and uniforms everywhere. There's none of your beloved romance in one of our workhouses, I fear."

"Now, that's just where I differ," said Mrs. Vanderson. "You're real bright, but you don't know about everything." This was a snub so charmingly delivered that I only smiled as I took it meekly as we sped quickly forward on our mission of charity.

Apparently Mrs. Vanderson was expected at the workhouse, for we were ushered in with some ceremony and shown over the wards, and through the infirmary, too. Cora has a delightful way with people, and she spoke a few words deftly here and there and gave the sick the flowers she had brought, and then we went on through the men's ward, and she crossed over to a tall, still good-looking man of about 50 or 60, and took a seat beside him as though, indeed, they were already friends. He looked so out of keeping with his surroundings that I asked the nurse to tell me who he was, and how he had come down in the world, but at this moment Cora Vanderson got up, and, coming to me, drew me on one side for a moment.

"I know all about this old man," she said. "I saw him last week when I came—a friend brought me here," she added by way of explanation, "and she told me all his story. He lost his money through speculation, and he was brought here ill and starving from his lodgings. When he is well he will have to be sent out to begin the fight over again."

"A hard fight for any man of that age—an almost impossible one for a gentleman, as he appears to be," I said.

"Oh! he's a gentleman right enough," she said, "and now I'm going right over to talk to him," and in her pretty way she went back to the elderly man, who rose, his face flushing deeply, whether with shame or pleasure I did not know.

"He is an Irishman," said the nurse, as we walked on and left them talking together; "such a nice man, poor fellow, and a real gentleman, too."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know—he has never said; we only call him the Irishman—he's good looking, isn't he? It's very sad to come down like this before he's even old."

"But my friend will probably help him; she is very generous and open-hearted, and she seems so interested in his case."

"Oh, yes, she is, indeed," agreed the nurse, "for she has been down every day this week and I think she has already spoken about him to the guardians."

"Really?" I said. "How kind of her. She lives in America, and has heaps of servants and secretaries and odd people about her, so I hope she will find him a berth; it would be such a lovely start for him."

"It would, indeed," said the nurse, "and it's very kind of her to trouble. I only wish there were a few more like her."

I had just returned to town on my way to Scotland about three months later when I suddenly received a note from Mrs. Vanderson, who was still in town. "Do come to tea if you are in town by any happy chance," she wrote, "and if you have a moment to spare, I want to introduce my second husband—you know, I've been married again for nearly a month, and we're up in town for two or three days, but we're going abroad next week, I hope."

I accordingly went round to the Savoy at about 5 o'clock and found Cora Vanderson looking radiant and happy.

"What bombshells you throw at your friends," I said, laughing. "I seem to have only been away a few weeks, and I come back and find you are married again—you might have let me know before. You really take my breath away."

"It was all so quiet," she said; "just a special license and the whole thing hustled through one early morning."

"Who is he?" I asked, and wondered if she had found the title she told me she intended to marry.

"The Marquis of Bilkenny," she said. "It's a very old Irish title, and nothing to keep it up on, until he found me," and she laughed, "and my dollars."

She was too pretty and charming to jar or be really vulgar, and she looked so radiantly pleased that I added almost involuntarily:

"But there must be more than a mere title to make you look like that, Cora."

"I believe you have found your romance, too."

"Yes—I have," she said, frankly; "he's a real darling, and worships me as though I were a goddess—here he is," she added, as the door opened—and a tall, good-looking, elderly man, faultlessly dressed, came leisurely into the room.

"My dearest," he said, and then stopped and looked at me.

"My friend, Miss Allingham," said Cora Vanderson. "Miss Allingham, may I introduce my husband?"

I bowed and shook hands, and made the usual commonplace observations about the weather, and then I turned to go.

"Isn't he real nice?" said Cora, as she accompanied me out to the lift.

"He is very good looking," I said, "and I seem to know his face; I believe I have met him out at some party." I stopped and thought for a puzzled moment, and then in a flash it came back to me. "Why, Cora," I said, and then I stopped lamely—was it possible?—and could this be the Irishman we had gone to see at the workhouse? No, it couldn't be—and yet one had heard of such things. If it was so, how on earth had she found him out, and what a reward it was for her kindness to an utter stranger to find her romance and title as well?

"Do you remember him?"

I nodded. "Yes," I said, "I remember now—but how did you ever find out who he was; did he tell you his name when you went to see him? It seems too impossible for anything."

"Yes," she said, laughing, "he told me his story, and he thinks that no one else knows it, and he thinks too that I only met him quite by chance, dear old thing."

"And didn't you?" as asked, in much astonishment. "Do you mean to say you knew he was there when you went?"

"Yes," she said. "I heard about him through a friend of mine, and I went down—I only went to sample him, you know—but, well, you see what he is," she added, blushing with real love and pride. "I went to try and make a romance and found one ready made for me—a real lovely one too, and I'm going to take him over to poppa, and before I had recovered my breath she had said good-by and slipped back again to their sitting room.—Mrs. Neish, in M. A. P."

A FAMOUS ROAD.
India's Tree Bordered Highway, 1,200 Miles in Length.

The road I have in my mind is in India and stretches 1,200 miles from Lahore to Calcutta. It is the famous Grand Trunk Road. Let me explain its nature, though one cannot do so by comparison, for there is no road of five miles in England that is anything like it. It is level, indeed, there is not above a mile the whole distance where even a lady need dismount to walk.

The material with which it is made is called kunker, and if you care to turn that word into concrete you have an idea of what it is like. It is exceedingly hard and as smooth as a prepared pavement. There is no dust. When I first got on this road and enjoyed the luxury of easy traveling I said, "This is magnificent, but in a little time I suppose it will become gritty and uneven." I went 50, 100 miles, 200 miles, 500, 600, 700 miles, and it was always the same, with not even a small stone to give a jog. Nearly the whole of the way is lined with a double row of majestic trees.

With two friends I rode across India during the hottest time of the year, in April and May, and was never seriously inconvenienced by the heat, for at a pace of fifteen miles an hour one could create a draft.—Chambers' Journal.

Casey's Catch.
Casey was on his way home from a fishing trip down by the bell-buoy, says a writer in the New York Sun. "And every man of us," he said, winding up his story of the day's work, "went away wild fifteen faine fish on his string."

"How many fish did you catch in all?" some one asked.

"Sixty," said Casey. "There were four of us."

"Who were they?"

"Well, I was wan, and the two Kelleys was two, and Finnegan was three, and—Finnegan, he was three, and—I'm sure there were four of us! But who was the other fellow?"

Casey began again.

"Try it this way," he said. "Finnegan was wan, and the two Kelleys was two, and I was three, and—and—I'm blest if I can think who was the other wan."

Then Casey laid down his string of fish and began counting off the members of the fishing party on his disengaged hand.

"I was wan," he said, doubling up a finger as he went along, "and the two Kelleys was two, and Finnegan was three—"

"But the two Kelleys was three," some one broke in.

"Do you know the two Kelleys?" asked Casey, warmly.

"No."

"Well, then, how can you say the two Kelleys was three? Go on, man!"

Casey stood thinking it over for a minute, and then picked up his string of fish.

"I'm blest," he said, wagging his head, "if the rascals didn't do me out of—there is in sixty twenty times—out of five fishes!"

Anyway Ananias was never accused of being the author of a tombstone inscription.

And many a girl's shirt waist is rumpled because of too much pressing.

WASHINGTON MURDER TRIAL WHICH ATTRACTED THE WHOLE COUNTRY.



MRS. ANNA N. BRADLEY.
U.S. DIST. ATTY. DANIEL WEBSTER BAKER.
JUDGE ORLANDO POWERS, ATTY. FOR DEFENSE.
JUDGE M.P. STAFFORD.

Woman placed on trial in Washington for the killing of former Senator Brown of Utah, the presiding judge and leading attorneys in the case.

Although some of the salacious features which were looked for at the trial of Mrs. Anna N. Bradley for the murder of Senator Arthur M. Brown were eliminated by direction of the court, there was enough of the sensational connected therewith to hold the attention not only of Washington but of the entire country. The prominence of the man and the attractiveness of the woman, together with the manner of the shooting, invested the case with unusual interest.

Arthur M. Brown, leading citizen of Salt Lake City, man of great wealth and for a brief time United States Senator by appointment of the Governor, was a close friend to Mrs. Anna N. Bradley. This was some years ago when the frail-looking defendant was robust of form and beautiful of face. For Brown's sake she deserted her husband, and although he would not heed her pleas to marry her, she clung to him. About a year ago Brown went from Utah to Washington. Mrs. Bradley heard that he was going to marry Mrs. Anna C. Adams, mother of Maud Adams, the great actress, and she followed him. At his room in a Washington hotel they had a loud talk, the result of which was that she was said to have shot him and he died five days later. He refused to say anything concerning the tragedy. Mrs. Bradley, it is said, never denied the shooting, pleading temporary insanity. Mrs. Adams has declared that there was no foundation for the report that she was to have married Brown.

When the case came up for trial in Washington Mrs. Bradley's story upon the stand was that Brown won her love by protestations of undying affection and promise of marriage; that he urged her to get a divorce and induced her to get her tressouss.

The chief counsel for Mrs. Bradley was Orlando W. Powers, a native of New York, who went to Utah to live and is the leader of the Gentile party there. He was made associate justice of the Supreme Court of Utah by President Cleveland. He has sat in the State Legislature and has been an unsuccessful candidate for Congress. Once he declined a United States Senatorship for an unexpired term.

The jury brought in a verdict that she was not guilty of the alleged murder of former Senator Brown. The plea of temporary insanity at the time the killing took place won after an afternoon and night deadlock of the jury.

WORRY CAUSES DEATH.
Brooding Over Trouble Injures the Brain Cells.

Modern science, says a German medical contemporary, has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine from recent discoveries

Just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry and that alone.

The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain, being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues. Thus does worry kill.

Insidiously, like many other diseases, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea; and, as a dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest; that are, so to speak, the commanding offices of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points, which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worry the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a let-up or the failure of a stroke.

Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms, so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.

Attained His Object.
Mr. Chamberlain was once delivering a rousing speech in Birmingham to an audience so tightly packed together that no one could possibly get in or out.

Suddenly in the middle of the hall arose a scowling man, relates the London Globe.

"What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" he bowed.

"Turn him out!" shouted the audience.

Three men hurried the interrupter a few yards and others hustled him into the street. A friend who had been at the meeting came upon him later in the day.

"What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" asked the friend.

"I don't know," said the man. "I haven't a notion. Only I'd got a terrible toothache, and couldn't butt my way through the crowd, so the only thing to do was to get thrown out."

Peculiar to Itself

In selection, proportion and combination of ingredients, in the process by which their remedial values are extracted and preserved, in effectiveness, usefulness and economy, curing the widest range of diseases, doing the most good for the money, having the most medicinal merit, and the greatest record of cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.



Farina Jelly.
Boil one pint of new milk; while boiling sprinkle in slowly one-eighth pound of farina; continue the boiling for an hour (use double boiler); season with one-half teaspoon of sugar with a saltspoonful of salt mixed through it. When done remove from fire; add, as soon as it cools somewhat, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, drop by drop, beating well to mix it in. Turn into a wet mold. Set on ice when cool. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla; or with any kind of preserve or sweet jelly and cream; or with fruit juice.

"Uncle Bill, what is an affinity?"
"Oh, most anybody that you are married to, Willie."—Smart Set.
Aunt—Bill, do not vex your husband too much. He will end by going back to his parents.—Transatlantic Tales.
Beggar—Kind lady, I was not always like this. Lady—No; yesterday you had the other arm tied up.—Chicago News.

"How long can a man go without air?"
"I do not know. The longest Pullman trip I ever took occupied seven days."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispel Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Judge Marcus Kavanaugh, of Chicago, in his recent statement concerning law enforcement, gave some startling statistics. For instance: He shows that during the Civil War, lasting five years, about 85,000 men were killed by gun shot wounds. This is, of course, exclusive of wounded and of death by other causes. Approximately, of all the hosts engaged in that great struggle 85,000 men were actually killed. And here is the startling parallel: During the last five years of peace 43,000 persons have been murdered in this country—8,000 more than were killed during the bloody period of the Civil War! Judge Kavanaugh is a careful statistician and no doubt went to original sources for his information. If it were not so it would be impossible to believe as if the confederates of the nations at The Hague ought to be changed from discussions concerning the cruelties of war to the brutalities of peace. The reasons for this awful showing of homicides? One is to be found in the possibility of escape from the consequences of murder through delay and the technicalities of the statutes. Another is that a species of maudlin sentiment prevails during the trial of murderers and the jury partakes of this sentiment. The remedy? Swift trial. Less technical loopholes in the law. Rigid justice.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
W. & T. A. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
W. A. LINDSAY, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FUTURE TIMBER KINGS.
Their Wealth Will Surpass That of Rockefeller and Carnegie.
"In a few years nearly all the timber in the United States outside the government reserves will be exhausted with the exception of vast tracts in the hands of one or two men, and each of these men will have wealth greater than that of Rockefeller and Carnegie put together."

This was the prediction made by Secretary Wilson recently upon his return from an extensive tour through the Western States, where he looked over the 150,000,000 acres of reserves under the control of the Department of Agriculture, says the Washington Post.
"Rockefeller is now considered the modern Croesus," continued the Secretary, "but the lumber king of the future will far surpass him in the riches at his command. And why not? The forests of the West, through fires and the inroads of lumbermen, are disappearing year by year much more rapidly than they are growing. In the far northwest the big trees are constantly being destroyed and it takes 500 years to grow new ones. Thus many generations of men must come and go before we can replenish the virgin forests of a few years ago. During the past few years the price of lumber has doubled. With an increasing scarcity there must be a higher price.
"One man in that country out there already has 30,000,000 acres under his control. We have only five times that amount under control of the government. We hold our supply to protect the watershed. He holds his for profit. In a quarter of a century from now, when the supply of timber is almost gone and the demand for it has vastly increased, think of what those 30,000,000 acres, and perhaps more that may be added to them, will be worth."

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1492—Columbus arrived at Haiti and learned that the colony left there had perished.
- 1499—Perkin Warbeck, who styled himself Richard IV., King of England executed.
- 1518—Cortez sailed from Cuba to capture Mexico.
- 1540—De Soto left the coast and began his inland march.
- 1542—English defeated the Scots at Solway Moss.
- 1578—Sir Humphrey Gilbert's first expedition failed to found a colony in America.
- 1626—St. Peter's, Rome, dedicated by Pope Urban VIII.
- 1633—Ships Ark and Dove sailed from England with 200 persons to found a colony in Maryland.
- 1643—Birth of La Salle, the explorer of the Mississippi valley.
- 1683—Boundary line agreed upon by New York and Connecticut.
- 1755—Severe earthquake shocks felt along the eastern coast of North America.
- 1758—Fort Duquesne renamed Pittsburgh by the English.
- 1775—American force took and fortified Cobble Hill, near Boston.
- 1776—British under Cornwallis crossed the Hudson to attack Fort Lee.
- 1794—Jay's treaty between the United States and Great Britain signed.
- 1796—French under Bonaparte defeated the Austrians at Arcola.... Much property destroyed by fire in Savannah, Ga.
- 1801—The Pillory used in Boston for the last time.
- 1816—A Philadelphia theater lighted by gas, first in the country.
- 1822—Eruption of Mt. Etna; town of Bronte destroyed.
- 1837—Montreal used gas for illuminating purposes for the first time.
- 1851—Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover and Duke of Cumberland, died.
- 1852—Napoleon III. elected Emperor of the French.
- 1860—Legislature of Georgia voted \$1,000,000 to arm the State.
- 1863—Battles before Chattanooga, Tenn., began.... The National Soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg dedicated.
- 1867—Committee on the House reported in favor of the impeachment of President Johnson.
- 1871—The Grand Duke Alexis arrived at New York.
- 1874—British immigrant ship Compatrick burned at sea, with loss of 473 lives.
- 1877—The Halifax fishery commission, under treaty of Washington, rendered its decision.
- 1883—Standard time adopted throughout Canada.
- 1889—Remarkable cliff dwellings discovered in Colorado.
- 1880—Alaska first demanded representation in Congress.
- 1890—Indian outbreak near Pine Ridge, South Dakota.... Battleship Maine launched at the Brooklyn navy yard.

The Scientific Immortality.
Sir Oliver Lodge, the noted British scientist, has delivered another pronouncement on the subject of the immortality of the soul. He says first that the simple important truth to be kept in sight is the commonplace fact that there is nothing immortal or persistent about the body except the material atoms of which it is composed. He dismisses utterly the notion, still taught by part of the Christian church, that these atoms will some day be gathered and reunited so as to constitute a complete man as he appeared on the earth, and who thereafter will last forever. This he regards as merely a clumsy attempt to make pleasing the idea of the homeless, wandering spirit or ghost of the departed individual. Sir Oliver says that nobody knows what the soul is, but that common sense rebels against its being nothing, and that no genuine science has assumed to declare it a purely imaginary nonentity. He holds it must be acknowledged by science that no really existing thing perishes, it only changes form. As this has been shown clearly in the case of matter and energy, it must also be true of mind, consciousness, will, memory, love and other activities which interact with matter and appeal to the bodily senses. These facts of the individual human consciousness, he says, cannot be regarded as nothing, and they will never vanish into nothingness. They did arise with us. They never sprang suddenly into being from previous non-existence. They are as eternal as the God-head itself, and will in eternal being endure forever.

Greater Pittsburg Legalized.
The fight over the consolidation of Pittsburg and Allegheny ended in the Supreme Court when Justice Moody handed down the decision sustaining the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which had upheld the consolidation which a majority of the people of the two cities voted under a legislative act. The consolidated city has an area of thirty-eight square miles, an estimated population of 550,000, and will contest with Boston the sixth place among American cities for population, a position also claimed by Baltimore.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only genuine hair-food you can buy. It gives new life to the hair-bulbs. You save what hair you have, and get more, too. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

PLENTY GOOD WATER

TELLS READERS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND THE KIDNEYS.

Gives Readers Advice; Also a Simple Prescription to Make a Home-Made Mixture Said to Give Prompt Relief.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack. Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Karpson, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, also drink plenty of water. You can't drink too much of it. Just try this simple home-made mixture, and don't forget the water, at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost. Almost any druggist in the smaller towns can supply the ingredients named as they are commonly used in the prescription department.

Four sovereigns met in one English palace recently. King Edward has been entertaining the German Emperor, his nephew, the King of Spain, the husband of his niece, and the King of Norway, his son-in-law. It grows more and more the fashion for members of the European royal families to visit their folks.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Use The World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25¢.

Waffles.
Dissolve a half yeast cake in a gill of lukewarm water. Beat four eggs light; add a pint of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three cupfuls of flour sifted with a half teaspoonful of salt, and, lastly, the dissolved yeast. Beat long and hard, set in a warm place to rise, and when light bake in greased waffle iron.

FITS. St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nervine Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, J. C. March St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Chicken Loaf.
Cut a cold chicken or veal into dice, make a white sauce, into which slice two hard-boiled eggs, then add the chicken and pour into the loaf, which has been prepared, and bake.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Improving Apple Jelly.
Apple jelly is apt to be very flat and tasteless unless combined with some stronger flavoring. This may be varied to suit different tastes in the family by using in one lot lemon juice, in another pineapple an d in a third quinine.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50¢.

There is something impressive in the story of a lifetime of persistent toil. But there is another point of view which deserves respect. The gadabout may be a useless member of society, but the stay-at-home is likely to be a narrow one. We find ourselves on this little planet, with its oceans and mountains and mighty rivers and wide prairies. We know not whence we came nor if we shall ever pass this way again. Surely we may do our task better in our own appointed place if we look about the world, feed our minds with the glories of nature and discover how men and women before us have lived their lives and embodied their aspirations in the great arts of building and painting and sculpture. The wheat field and the ledger and the cooking stove are facts of human life; but so are the Cologne Cathedral, the Sistine Madonna, the Canadian Rockies and the Valley of the Yellowstone.

- Sauce for Different Meats.**
Corned beef, mustard.
Roast pork, apple sauce.
Roast lamb, mint sauce.
Roast duck, orange salad.
Fried beef, horseradish.
Roast chicken, bread sauce.
Roast mutton, currant jelly.
Lobster, sauce tartare.
Roast goose, tart apple sauce.
Port croquettes, tomato sauce.
Roast partridge, bread sauce.
Fried chicken, cream gravy, corn fritters.
Pork sausage, tart apple sauce or fried apples.
Roast turkey, chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly.
Roast venison, black currant jelly or grape jelly.
Veal sausage, tomato sauce, grated Parmesan cheese.
Roast carcase duck, apple bread, black currant jelly.
Cold boiled tongue, sauce tartare or olives stuffed with peppers.
Roast quail, currant jelly, celery sauce.
Sweetbread, sauce bechamel.
Reedbirds, fried hominy, white celery.
With roast beef, grated horseradish.
With roast veal, tomato or horseradish sauce.

BORAX IS NATURE'S MINE OF PURITY FOR DAIRY UTENSILS

Borax is first, a cleanser that removes dirt and grease with surprising ease; second, it is a sweetener that makes fragrant any surface that has grown musty or stale from neglect; third, it is an antiseptic or destroyer of germs. It prevents the development of bacteria or mouldy growths. With all this it is perfectly free from harm in its resulting effects. The farm churn is kept free from that stale odor if it is washed with borax in the following proportions:—one tablespoonful of borax to a quart of water. The dairy room has nothing about it but the pleasant aroma of fresh milk and cream and sweet butter if it is kept clean with borax. There will be no soapy smell and no lurking hint of something gone wrong. The cream crocks take on an extra freshness when washed with borax and water in the following proportions:—one tablespoonful of borax to a quart of water. This preserves the fresh flavor of the cream. The farm cream separator can be kept thoroughly sweet and clean by a wash of borax and water in the following proportions:—one tablespoonful of borax to a quart of water. To be sure, you must get "20 Mule Team Borax." If you are unable to get "20 Mule Team" brand send us your dealer's name and we will arrange to supply you.

A dainty book in colors, called the "Jingle Book," will be sent free to any Mother sending name and address of her baby, and the tops from two one-pound cartons of "20 Mule Team" Borax and 5¢ in stamps. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.

Secretary Wilson, who has a picturesque way of putting plain truths, reminds us that the American working man has better food than Queen Elizabeth had. The question of taste makes the comparison somewhat uncertain. Elizabethan poets mention costly delicacies not found in the full dinner-pail, such as roasted song-birds and peacocks' tongues; and epicures figure in the satires of those "spacious days." But Mr. Wilson means that for wholesome, muscle-making diet, the working man's white bread, butter, meat, fresh fruits and vegetables compose a diet which Queen Bess might have envied him.

OLD SORES FED AND KEPT OPEN BY IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

Whenever a sore refuses to heal it is because the blood is not pure and healthy, as it should be, but is infected with poisonous germs or some old blood taint which has corrupted and polluted the circulation. Those most usually afflicted with old sores are persons who have reached or passed middle life. The vitality of the blood and strength of the system have naturally begun to decline, and the poisonous germs which have accumulated because of a sluggish and inactive condition of the system, or some hereditary taint which has hitherto been held in check, now force an outlet on the face, arms, legs or other part of the body. The place grows red and angry, festers and eats into the surrounding tissue until it becomes a chronic and stubborn ulcer, fed and kept open by the impurities with which the blood is saturated. Nothing is more trying and disagreeable than a stubborn, non-healing sore. The very fact that it resists ordinary remedies and treatments is good reason for suspicion; the same germ-producing cancerous ulcer is back of every old sore, and especially is this true if the trouble is an inherited one. Washes, salves, nor indeed anything else, applied directly to the sore, can do any permanent good; neither will removing the sore with caustic plasters or the surgeon's knife make a lasting cure. If every particle of the diseased flesh were taken away another sore would come, because the trouble is in the blood, and the **BLOOD CANNOT BE CUT AWAY.** The cure must come by a thorough cleansing of the blood. In S. S. S. will be found a remedy for sores and ulcers of every kind. It is an unequalled blood purifier—one that goes directly into the circulation and promptly cleanses it of all poisons and taints. It gets down to the very bottom of the trouble and forces out every trace of impurity and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. changes the quality of the blood so that instead of feeding the diseased parts with impurities, it nourishes the irritated, inflamed flesh with healthy blood.

I was afflicted with a sore on my face of four years' standing. It was a small pimple at first but it gradually grew larger and worse in every way until I became alarmed about it and consulted several physicians. They all treated me but the sore continued to grow worse. I saw S. S. S. advertised and commenced its use and after taking it a while I was completely cured. My blood is now pure and healthy from the effect of S. S. S., and there has not been any sign of the sore since S. S. S. cured it.
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EDITORS

A little boy in a neighboring town was given the stunt by his father to write an essay on the subject of "Editors", and here is the result:

"I don't know how newspapers came to be in the world. I don't think God does, for he hasn't got nothing to say about them or editors in the bible. I think the editor is one of the missing links you read of, and stayed in the bushes until after the flood; and then come out and wrote the thing up, and has been here ever since. I don't think he ever died. I never saw a dead one and never heard of one getting licked. Our paper is a mighty good one, but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and don't wear any socks and paw ain't paid his subscription since the paper started. I ast paw if that was why the editor had to suck the juice out of snowballs in winter and go to bed while he had his shirt washed in summer. And then paw he took me out into the woodshed and whaled me off. If the editor makes a mistake folks says he ought to be hung; but if the doctor makes any mistakes he buries them and people dassent say nothing because doctors can read and write latin. When the editor makes a mistake there is lawsuits, swearing and a big fuss, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit, but if the editor goes he gets a charge of buckshot or a bat in the eye. When the doctor gets drunk it is a case of being overcome by the heat, and if he dies it's from heart trouble; but when the editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze and if he dies it's the jim-jams. Any old college can make a doctor, but an editor has to be born."

A FAILURE

They say he has done little; failure stamps its mark on that bent form, that shabby coat, The twine-sewn mittens and frayed strip of shawl He winds, in winter, 'round his wrinkled throat.

We do not count the trifling, kindly deeds To which, through all the years those hands have turned, Nor deem it a success that o'er the weak And feeblest forms of nature his heart yearns.

We smile to see him feed the worn-out horse That worked for him, but now can work no more; And that the swallow might not miss her nest, He carved an entrance through the old barn door.

We deem it folly that a blind, deaf dog Rests on the braided mat beside the hearth, Sharing his daily meals of meat, of milk, Because of some long-past remembered worth.

And ever when the winter with its fleet, The ice-bound stream, its blinding tempest, comes, The storm-tossed bird will seek its unkempt home. Sure, here, of grain, of meat, of scattered crumbs.

We know that never has wife clasped his hand, Nor child of his been dandled on his knee; And yet, each child who greets his halting step Has some small gift to keep in memory.

The willow whistle or the birch-bark bell, The peach-stone basket or the gray-green chair, Woven of brook-side rushes, and the ring Or wee girl's bracelet, from her own fair hair.

If but our eyes could see with clearer view, Unblended each bare heart and purpose scan, Then might we as success or failure gauge, In verity, the measure of a man.

—Cora A. Dolson.

ABOUT THAT FUND

On the first page of this issue is a report of the fund derived from the school entertainment given at the beginning of the school year under direction of the Misses Volin. Among other articles bought with the fund we notice a coal scuttle, a clock, desk knives, etc., all of which we have designated with a "X". It appears to us that all items so marked are necessary equipments for a school, and as such, the cost

and expense should be paid out of the regular school fund.

The Misses Volin are giving the people of Wrangell an exceptionally good school, having even denied themselves many pleasures, outside of school hours, devoting their own time to the interests of school. Now, we believe they are better able to judge as to what is necessary, than outsiders, and that every article or apparatus used in teaching the youngsters should be paid for from the school fund.

There are a number of articles not marked with the "X" that, we believe, should also be provided, but clocks, coal hods, and paper for the use of the teachers are just as

necessary as the stove, the building or the teachers; and we do not think the teachers should be expected to buy them from their own earnings or from the funds derived from entertainments.



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